
Title: Terraknight Chronicles Vol. II

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Terraknight
Chronicles

Volume 2

Betrayal

Many years passed since the day Denkhara Terraknight saved Sephie from the brigands and became a hero to the local folk of Trinsic. They had several children: Daknit, Celes, Grenlahkt, Klog, and Andrea. Each child grew and went on their ways, eventually leaving Denkhara and Sephie once again alone in the dark tower. With nothing to do, Sephie's mind began to wander. She used to wonder what strange and wonderful things were hidden within Denkhara's third floor sanctuary. Now that wonder was slowly becoming a need. She had to know what was in that room. Making things worse was the fact that Denkhara never seemed to age. As time passed, Sephie grew older, her appearance changing. Denkhara began to visit his sanctuary once more. At first rarely, but as time passed, he would more and more frequently confine himself to the mysterious room. He would emerge for food and to sleep, but rarely otherwise, leaving Sephie

to wander into town in search of something to amuse herself with. Sephie was at her favorite cafe with her friends when she decided to ask advice on what to do about her unaging husband spending days upon days locked in a room.

"If my husband were forever young?" started one woman, "Well, I certainly would make sure to demand SOME of his attention!" The ladies all laughed, smiling.

"But no, seriously," said another, "You should just read his memoirs. It's not like he'll know. And it may shed some light on him staying in that room all the time!"

Sephie seemed to consider this, as conversation continued. She thought to herself, -What is so sacred of a diary? We've been married for years, it's not as if there are any secrets he hasn't shared with me. It'd probably be a harmless peek.-

And just like that, Sephie Terraknight decided to break one of the few conditions Denkhara had set upon their marriage; She would venture into his study and sneak a little peek at his memoirs.

That night back at the tower, Sephie spoke to Denkhara at dinner. "Den," she said, "What is it you do in that sanctuary?" A question she'd not dared ask in all the years they'd been together.

Denhkara looked up,
curious, "Strange that you
should wait this long to
ask such a thing, dear,"
he smiled. "I'm simply
meditating. It helps to
prolong my life, and to
keep my spirit ready to
use my magic. Something
akin to a warrior's
practice with a sword,
you might say."
"Ah," Sephie nodded, "I can
see why you wouldn't
want to be disturbed
then. Your spirit must be
in top condition lately!
You've spent days upon
end in that room!"

"Aye, dear, I believe I've
stumbled upon something
quite interesting. A new
power hidden within all
things living."

"Very interesting!"
remarked Sephie.

"And with that, I'll be
returning to my trance.
Good night, sweet Sephie."

Denkhara stood and
walked toward his
sanctuary. Moments later,
Sephie heard the
always-deafening clang of
the heavy iron door
slamming shut. She
couldn't help but think
that there was something
strange about his story.
Primarily she wondered
why he needed such a
powerful magic lock on
the door, and why the
door was such a heavy
iron one. She'd heard
strange sounds some
nights as well. Sure he
couldn't be meditating.
-But he's never lied to
me before, has he?- she
asked herself. She
dismissed her suspicions
and began tidying up
after the meal. She put

herself to bed again with a good book. After a long read, she realized that Denkhara would once again not be coming to bed, and went to sleep. Or at least, she tried to go to sleep. The questions in her head kept clawing at her. What if he HAD been lying to her all these years? 'Twas true that he trusted her with his life, and she trusted him with hers. But thinking back, he'd never spoken much about his past before they'd met.

Sephie got out of bed and crept upstairs to the third floor, where the sanctuary lay. She looked at the dark smoke around the door and sighed. Even if she wanted to ask permission to read the memoirs, she couldn't get into the room to ask that question. She quietly crept down to the second floor, where the memoirs of Denkhara Terraknight lay, on the desk in his private study. She stood and stared for a moment, at the room she normally would've have never ventured into. The smell of paper filled her nose. The room was kept warm by a fire burning in a corner fireplace, next to a bed. -So this is where he spends his nights,- She thought. She walked over to the desk and looked at the heavy leatherbound volume, with its velvet bookmark and silver engravings. The memoirs. Her hands trembled as she reached out and touched the engravings on the cover. This was a sacred book to him, for sure.

Sephie Terraknight sat down in the large throne in front of the desk, and contemplated what she was about to do. Her hands still trembled, her mouth dry. With wide eyes she slowly turned over the heavy cover, revealing the strangely fresh paper bound within. Like an oyster opening to find a pearl inside. Only this was no pearl. This clam opened to release all the demons in the past of Denkhara. A pandora's box of dark secrets.

Sephie sat for hours, taking in every little detail, some pages read twice or more. She began to realize who her husband truly was. As she read the last page and closed the memoirs, placing them back where she'd found them in the center of the desk, she began to creep out of the room. And met face to face with Denkhara, leaning against the doorway, arms crossed, a cold glare in his eyes, much like the one he'd given the brigands many years ago.

Sephie screamed and fled to the corner of the room, huddling down in the corner between the bed and the fireplace.

"Did you enjoy that, my dear?" asked Denkhara.

To Be Continued...

Next: The Memoirs